Saints new Charte

Written occaſionly upon the

QUO WARRANT

With ſome REMARQUES upon the late

RYOTS, &c

Written by an unknown Hand.

Rumpatur quiſquis rumpitur invidia. Mart. Epigr.

LONDON,
Printed for ALEX. BANKS. *Anno Domini*, 1683

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R.T. Howey 1/3/42 (mt)

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THE CHARTER,

A Comical SATYR.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Help, for we're all in Flames!
Pray come, for the good Lords ſake of Three Names!
Sons of Committees, *and* Sequeſtrators,
Old Rebels, *and new* Aſſociators;
Call the Caſhier'd Officers, *and Juſtice,*
(Whoſe Mettle like to be eat with Ruſt is,)
Step to the Synagogue, and Jenkins *Pew,*
Call all the Gentiles, *and knock up the* Jew;
For ſuch curs'd Wild-fire's *amongſt us thrown,*
(Worſe than the Jeſuits) *'twill burn's quite down;*
A Veng'ance Fire-ball call'd Quo Warranto,
Will bring all our hopes to Acheronto.

AS *Sampſon*'s Strength up in his Hair was ty'd,
Rebellions Strength was in the *Charter* hid;
Late in a *Trumpet* Treaſon every Punk
Could ſpeak; now't muſt be whiſper'd throug[h] a *Trunk*;
By *Charter*, *Brother Traytor* we could free,
Now there's no Priviledge for *Perjury*:
Next time my Lord, beware the *Medal-houſe*
Though we'd be damn'd for't, we can't ſave your ſouſe;
We've done as much for you as men could do,
Ventur'd our *Souls*, and loſt our *Charter* too.

R.T. Howey 1/3/42 (mt)

And is that all? Come, ben't creſt-fall'n, make ſhift,
And bear up, I'le help you at a dead lift;
Something may yet be done, though we daren't touch
On *Meal-Tub Plots* left caught i'th' *Bolting-hutch.*
How ſays your Lordſhip, (for your Honour's free)
Capital Member of our Company;
And you know well that 'tis out of Faſhion,
For *Tradeſmen* to ſink in Deſperation;)
Methinks, though we broke at State (for Sins,)
We may drive our old Trade of *Cony-skins*,
And *Kid knapping?* Sell *Brock* and *Dog skin-Muff*,
And country Captains Cheat with *Horſe-skin-Buff*?
We muſt imploy our Talents, ſtill, deviſe,
A hundred *Prod'gies*, and *Prodigious Lyes*;
The Hook of *Popery* won't take ſmall
Fiſh now, (fy on't) The *French* have quite marr'd all,
The *Whore of Babylon*, and *Antchriſt*
He hath ground to powder and ſpoil'd our Griſt;
Who would have thought that *Unchriſtian King*
Would ſtop our Mouths with ſuch a *Chriſtian thing?*
But yet we'l ſigh, and groan, and ſhake the head,
In time *Rebellion* may be brought to Bed,
With good *Midwifery*, and the good Wives aid,
To whom ſuch Tales as theſe muſt ſtill be ſaid;
How a *Child* ſpoke as ſoon as born we'll tell;
(Perhaps before, to ears that could hear well;)
Tell *Nothern-men* how *Six Suns* did appear
At once i'th *South*; to *Southern*, *Eight Moons* there.
Then for a touch of *Prophecies* we'l ſay,
The Iſle O *Brazeel* but the other day
Appear'd to a good Maſter *of a Ship*,
Where an *old woman* that gave Death the ſlip
E're ſince the *Deluge*, told him, that the Time
Of the *Saints Government* was now at Prime; Down

Down goes *Baalam*, *Aſhteroth* and *Dagon*,
Down goes *Bell*, and then up goes the *Dragon*.
But now let's gybe the Sail, and catch the Wind,
And make a Tack to fetch you up behind.
There was a time (they ſay) ſince the world ſtood,
You had a *Charter* never to be good.
Have you forgot your *Routs* and *Ryots*, when
You forc't the *beſt of Kings*, and *beſt of Men*
To fly from's *Royal Palace*, and betake
Himſelf to *Foreſt-ſhelter*, and the brake?
When the *Divine Magicians* of your *Town*
Chang'd you to *Wolves and Dogs* to hunt him down?
Have you forgot how you the *Queen* did force,
And *High-born* Iſſue to a ſad Divorce
From their *Royal Father*? Have you forgot
How you made th' *Crown and Miter* go to pot?
Firſt *Clamour*, then *Petition*, Laſt you bring
Rebellion, a compleat *Sin-Offering*:
Say *Obediah*, tell me if you pleaſe,
Had you a *Charter* for ſuch *Tricks as theſe*?
Once more Beloved; Have you forgot when *Drums*
Beat up for *Bankrupt* and *Religious Thrums*?
When *Hungry Levites*, and *ſtarv'd 'Prentices*
Sally'd from their dark *Cells* and *Penthouſes*,
And like the *Plagues* of *Ægypt* ſpreads all o're,
Some for to ſtench us, all for to *devour*?
Have you forgot how you did Stab the *King*
And *Church*, with *Bodkin*, *Thimble*, *Spoon* and *Ring*,
And like the *Indians* proſtitute your ſelves,
For th' *Develiſh Idol* of your *Cauſe* and *Elves*?
Say *Annanias*, tell me if you pleaſe,
Had you a *Charter* for ſuch *Tricks* as theſe?
Surely the *Act* of *Amneſty* is ſpilt
On thoſe claim *Pardon*, won't renounce the *Guilt*;

A *Realm* divided 'gainſt it ſelf can't ſtand,
Nor *City*, if by ſuch as You 'twere man'd;
In vain are *Oaths* and *Witneſſes*, if th' *Shreive*
Can pack a *Jury*, that will not *believe*:
A *Turk*'s good *Evidence*, 'tis very True,
Againſt a *Chriſtian*, not againſt a *JEW*.
The *Pope* and *Conclave* ſure have chang'd their Neſts,
And took their *Quarters* up within your Breaſts;
Their High *Prerogatives* to You reſign'd,
Can *Damn the Innocent*, and *Saint the Fiend*;
Or elſe your *Conſcience* and *Religion*
Are inſpir'd with *Mahomet*'s *Pidgeon*,
A Race of *Chequer-work* that's intertext
With the worſt *Chriſtian* and worſt *Jew* mixt,
A kind of *circum-uncircumciſed* kind,
Can Swear the Body, and not Swear the Mind;
(As *Senators* (for to get in) *muſt Swear*;
Then keep the *COVENANT* to *Depoſe the Heir*;)
And all this's done by virtue of the *Bull*
Charta pro Cauſa, and a *Tub-Pulpit* full.
Sons of *Oedipus*, we know you enough,
The mark of *Cain* is graven on your *Brow*;
Not for the *Churches*, nor for the *Crown-Land*,
But for the *Twelve Apoſtles* 'tis you ſtand.
St. *Paul* for *London*, St. *Peter* for *Rome*,
Judas for th' *Suburbs* till the day of *Doom*;
'Tis not the firſt time you have ſhew'd your *Leige*,
How you hate *Idols*, but love *Sacrilege*;
'Tis hard to ſay, to whom we're moſt in Debt,
To the *Jeſu*, or to the *Judas-it*;
Lyons and *Unicorns* ſupport our *Arms*,
But theſe are th' *Beaſts* that do ſupport our *Harms*.

Now

Now to the *Quo Warranto* we muſt Tack,
Joyn my Lord's Pennel to the City Pack;
Speak, *Joller*, *Jolly*, *Jewel*, *Whig-dog*; Queſt,
Bouncer, *Bawler*, *Blew-lips*, and the reſt.
O *Divine Charter*, It would burſt my heart,
If th' *Ark* from *Iſrael* ſhould thus depart!
But don't bring Pleas as vaſt as th' Book of *Martyr*
T'*Obſtruct Juſtice*, and prolong your *Charter*;
Speak to th' point good *Brother*, what canſt ſay,
To keep this *Charter* ever and for ay?
Pleaſe You my Lord, *our* Charter's *Sacred made*
By Grants *ſo many*, *none can it invade*;
Of Twenty Kings *and* Senats *hath the Seal*.

The *Pope* had more before he did *Rebel*
Againſt the *Law* of *God* and of the *King*,
He was *confiſcate* for the ſelf-ſame thing;
The *Law's* the Rule of *Peace*, it doth not jar
In't ſelf, 't'hath no *Repugnance*, nor *War*.
If *Kings* themſelves can't give their *Crowns* away,
Then *Kings* by *Law* can't *Themſelves betray*.

Look you *Brother*, here You have Miſus'd
Your *Charter*, and the *Known Laws abus'd*;
Ryots and *Routs*, You that ſhould them ſuppreſs,
You have *promoted* to a great Exceſs;
You have pick'd *Juries*, pack'd them for your *Cauſe*,
And this deſtroys the *Fundamental Laws*;
You that ſhould *Schiſm* and *Faction* quell, ſupport
Unlawful Meetings, and to them reſort;
What ſhall I ſay of *Oaths*? You *Allegiance* Swear
To day, to morrow would *expel the Heir*;
Whoſe *Crimes* beyond all *Preſidents* go,
Forfeit their *Chattels*, and their *Charter* too.

To

To this we anſwer, Let the ſinner die,
A *Tooth* for a *Tooth*, and *Eye* for *Eye*;
Let the *Tranſgreſſors of the Law* be laſht,
But do not let the *Law* it ſelf be daſht;
Things that have *Sanction* of long time, and great
Authority, ſhould not be lightly ſet.
In days of old, when *Subjects Innocence*,
Virtue and *Goodneſs* did oblige their *Prince*;
The greatneſs of the *Monarchs* mind was ſuch,
They thought good *Subjects* could not have too much;
But yet they ne're intended publick wrong
By *private Act*, that's but an ill-tun'd Song;
They us'd their *Charter* meerly to ſupport
The *Government*, You to betray the *Fort*;
And 'twas not *Sodom*'s ſins, But 'twas the *Men*
Caſt *Town* and *Charter* in the *Sulphrous Fen*;
Your *Oracle* hath ſpoke, and 'tmuſt be ſo;
Carthago delenda eſt, down 'tmuſt go.
VVhere now do all our learn'd *Chaldeans* keep?
Be our *Soothſayers* and *'Strologers* aſleep?
I'th' *Blazing Stars Prædictions* was a Flaw;
You ſaid *Antichriſt* for *Anti-Law*.
Oft men of *Art* by *Figure* take that Scope
To mean the *Charter*, when they nam'd the *Pope*;
VVell, there's no help for't now, ſhe muſt be ſtript,
That's caught a *Whoring*, and *ſeverely Whipt*;
The doubt of *Tyrany* late turn'd your Maw;
How do You like this *Governing by Law*?
VVhen *Lunaticks* are in their *Frantick Fits*,
'Tis the beſt Expedient to reduce their *Wits*.
Son of a Slave, is't not enough to *cheat*
Fools of their Money, but you muſt *defeat*
Them of their *Souls*? Duties to their *GOD* and *Prince*?
VVas this the *Trade* you're bound to 10 years ſince?

Sell your *Pole-davis*, pack up your *falſe Ware*,
And be content to cheat your *Chap-men* there;
You ne're were *'Prentice* to a *States-man* ſure!
Say ſome *Great Knave*, (to draw thee to this Lure,)
Should ſtroke thee on the addle head, and cry;
Come honeſt Tom, (*thou know'ſt better than I.*)
We're like to have ſad times you ſee;
Religion groans, and bleeding Liberty;
The honeſt Subject he muſt be diſgrac'd,
And every ſober Officer diſplac'd;
We can't keep Feaſt nor Faſt for th' Nations good,
But all's miſconſtru'd and miſunderſtood;
The Plot *is vaniſh'd, and the Duke appears;*
Tom, *han't we cauſe for Jealouſies and Fears?*
Perhaps thou ſigh'ſt then till thy Buttons Crack,
And (as thy Soul was tort'ring on the Rack,)
From the *veſuvus* of thy *Smoaking Zeal*,
Thou bellowſt forth this lamentable Peal.

'*Ah!* My dear Lard! Happy the *Womb* that bore,
'An heart ſo *Noble*, *Iſrael* can deplore,
'In ſuch ſad Times as theſe when *Woes* us ſhroud,
'That *Moſes* will conduct us in a *Cloud!*
'VVe are all grieved with Extremities,
'And *Pharaoh's* deaf to all our Plaints and Cries;
'Our *Wills* with Bridle, and our Mouths with Bitt
'Are held by force, our *Sanhedrims* ſhan't ſit;
'We can't ſtoop down to *Baal*; Saints that have right
'To *Judge the Earth* are Raviſht of their might;
'Our Hands are Fetter'd, and our Hearts complain,
'That *Free-born Spirits* ſhould be thrall'd in *Chain*;
'Theſe, and ten thouſand grievances we have;
'But you muſt ſave poor *dying Souls* from th'Grave.
'Sweet Lord, (But *Orpheus*,) who ſhould take the pain
'To bring *Euridice* from *Hell* again?

How, drooping? (quoth my Lord?) hold up good *Tom*,
Of my *Spirit* of *Sulphur* take a Dram;
Though at a Slight or two, we're almoſt gone,
He's a poor Juggler, that han't more tricks than one,
I'le call my familiar,—*Preſto* appear;
He comes,—and whiſpers in my Ear.
Courage *Mounſieur*, and do not be diſmaid,
From *Pluto*'s *Council-Board*, I'le ſtill bring aid;
Stand but your ground, and doubt no overthrow,
Whilſt there's a Fury in the deep below;
Fig for the *Globe* and *Scepter* too to boot,
The *Trades-man's* YARD is longer by a Foot;
Be Impudent enough, Affronts repeat,
Nothing's ſo brave as th' *Baſe* to Brow the *Great*.
A thouſand ways, a thouſand VViles we'l try,
In *Town* muſt ſet the *Stygian* Company,
Whoſe Countrey *Factors* muſt retail their *Wares*
From *Houſe* to *Houſe*, as do the *Scotchmen* theirs:
Complain of *Taxes* in time of *Wars*;
In peace of *Trade*, and *evil Councellors*;
Invet'rate *Lechers* when their Luſt departs,
To keep the Sports up, they muſt uſe new Arts.
We muſt the *Crowns Prerogative* impair,
The *Negative Voice* in th' *Commons* declare,
To Counterfeit the COIN 'tis *Treaſon* made,
But not the PRINCES Power to Invade;
'Tis Orthodox the longeſt Day you live,
Your Rights t'Encroach, and Rob th'Prerogative.
Slight all the *Kings Alliances*, diſgrace
Foreign Embaſſadors in every place;
Say that *Ben Hadu Otor's* ſcarce half man'd
(Though wiſer far) than all our *Knaves* i'th' Land;
We are all *Brethren*, and we now muſt *Plow*
With all our *Heifers*, *Might* and *Main* muſt bow;

Every

Every *new Moon* a *new Parliament* can't
Re-mind the *Folk*, that they're the *Government*;
We ſhall have one at laſt I'me ſure, and then
We'l make ſuch *Senators* ſhall make Us *Men*:
The *Tide* may turn, *States* have their *Ebb* and *Flow*,
And we may catch them when the *Water's low*;
Children muſt be provided for, and *Wars*
May hap, (*Crowns* themſelves are not free from *cares*;)
Then *Money* muſt be had, our *Silver Coin*
Shall buy good part of *Pharoahs Golden Mine*;
We are all *Tradeſmen* now, and what we give
'Tſhall be but *Bartring* for *Prerogative*;
Fetch the *Addreſſors* up, and ſcour the *Coaſt*
Of all the *Tories* and *Abhorring Hoaſt*;
Hang up the *Judges*, and *Grand-Juries* clap
Cloſe in *Goals*, that ſtood i'th' *Royal gap*;
Dawn but that day, (quoth *Tom*) and we will Sing,
A *Headleſs Councel*, and a *Headleſs King*.
Hold quoth my Lord, too faſt, now you ramble;
(Quoth *Tom*) to keep pace wi'y' I muſt *Amble*.
Bleſs me my *Stars!* Can ſuch as theſe men be
The *Bulwarks* of our *Church* and *Liberty?*
Send them to the *Morocco* in *Exchange*
For's *Eſtriches* and *Lyons*, they're *Beaſts* more ſtrange.
The *French* 'tis ſaid, Fees any one that's rare,
Pray Croſs the *Waters*, and to him repair;
If there be any *Spirits* that excel
You in *Sedition*, they muſt come from *Hell*.
VVe know the *Idol* of your *Charter*'s dear
To you, as *Laban*'s *Gods* to *Rahel* were
In her *pollutions*, which ſhe ſlily hid,
Becauſe all ſearch there *Modeſty* forbid;
But your *pollutions* in your *Charter* Reign,
And hope it ſhall your *Wickedneſs* maintain.

No Date of *Time*, no *Power* on Earth can give
Such *Sanction* as to make *Corruption* live.
But Maſter *Ignoramus*, make right view;
And ſure 'tis not your *Charter* ſquints, but You;
There's no ſuch thing as the *Kings Friends* ſhall bleed,
And's *Mortal Enemies* for *Treaſon* free'd.
You're *fine Fellows* to *Judge* th'Twelve *Tribes*; I fear
By *Magna Charta* you will ſcarce ſit there:
Cabbage twice boil'd's ſtark naught, and th' diſcourſe
(You know) in *Pulpit* ſtill the ſame, is worſe.
Conſider *Rabby* (You are wiſe and Sage)
Rebels and *Jubilees* thrive but once an age:
Alas you know it was but th' other day
With *Drum* and *Trumpet*, *Fool* and *Knave*, this *Play*
Was Acted to our *coſt* of lives and Ore,
Pack up your *Nawls*, we'l be deceiv'd no more:
Grant ſome *great Lord* or two did chance to jar,
(With *Cedars* well as *Shrubs*, ſuch Chances are;)
But yet methinks, the *Twigs* ſhould grateful be
To th' *Root* that gave them all their Bravery.
Malice ne're want's for *Miſchief*, and *Revenge*
Is dearer much to *Mortals*, than the *Fringe*
Of *Heaven*; The *Soul* of *Body* and *State*;
And ev'ry Nerve's imploy'd to ſerve its Hate.
The *unning* and the *Crafty* muſt be bought,
The *Young* and *Sportive*, they are eaſy caught;
The *Diſcontented* muſt be left alive,
With hopes of his ambitious *Retrieve*;
Sticks of all ſorts and ſizes it muſt get,
To make the *Flame*, and to increaſe the heat;
And ſtill *Religion* makes the *Oven* red,
Or elſe quite ſpoild's the *Batch* of *Ginger-bread*.
Then crawl the *Inſects* forth, their Kingdom's come,
Still where the *Carrion* is thoſe *Creatures* rome,

And buzzing up and down the *Town* they cry,
For *Liberty*, and for the *Truth* we'l die.
To Hang for *Raſcals* firſt, I wiſh you'd try.
Hark Villains, hark! Your baſe *Rebellious Luſt*,
And our *Loyalties* have the ſelf-ſame guſt;
Your *Goats* Bloud cannot itch ſo much to down
With *Both*, as we to prop the *Church* and *Crown*.
I ſaw your *Spells* the *Votes*; 'twas bravely done;
As with the Father, you'd deal with the Son.
I've ſeen your *Martyrs*, *Peters*, *Scot*, and *Viner*,
Sainted in Gold, with *Colledge* the Joyner.
I've ſeen your *Pamphlets*, *Libels*, Books of Print;
Such ne're before came from the *Devil's Mint*.
I've ſeen the *Doctor's Depoſitions* too;
And faith he's done as much as man could do.
Won't all this Old-new-found-Art do the work,
To pull the *King* down, and ſet up the *Kirk*?
What? No *Cornucopia* to be found?
Be all our *Knights-Templers* laid under ground?
Are our *Braves* good for nothing, but to lap
Th' Infected droppings of a *Silver Tap*?
Alaſs! we want Ingredients; Give
Us a *Parliament that ſhall ever live*,
And the *Militia*, we're compleatly Bleſt;
CÆSAR do that, and then, *Sir*, do your beſt.
VVhat *Snake-hair'd Fury* with *Infernal Brand*,
Broke looſe from *Hell* thus to *Inflame* the *Land*?
Shall we be jealous of our bleſt Content,
Till cracking th'ſtrings, we break the Inſtrument?
Shall our *Arch-Angel* of the *Devil's See*
Drown'd Four and twenty of our *Hierarchy*;
And by a Whirl-wind from the *Stygian Lake*,
A Glorious *Monarch*, and *Three Kingdoms* wreck?
Down *Aſmodeus*, down to the Burning Pits,
Where *Thy Council of State* in Brimſtone ſits:

In

In that dark Concave let thine Envy range:
Changing but *That*, never expect more change.

Here pity checks my Spleen; and who can tell
Good Angels ſorrows, when the Train too fell?

But they were bleſt with great perfection,
And (though ſeduc'd) the Crime was *All their own*;
Beneath the *Firmament* it is not ſo,
Here's Imperfection in the *High* and *Low*.
One *Lucifer* on Earth may dangerous prove,
More than a *Legion* to *One Saint* above.

But ſee! the *Murder'd Martyrs Ghoſts* appear!
Your *Native Prince* and *Fathers Shades* ſtand there!
Lend *Them* your Eyes, the *Rabble* not your Ear.
And what would the mad *Rabble* have? Let's try:
And who would ask, but one as mad as *I*?
Can the turbulent Wind tell why it blows?
Or tumbling Ocean why it Ebbs and Flows?
The ſenceleſs *Rabble's* but that Duſt which flies
With every puff of wind into your eyes:
It makes you pur-blind, and defiles your Shoes;
Rather to *piſs on't* than to *court it* chooſe.

I'll dare the *Sun*, which hath ſurvey'd the Earth
Ever ſince *Eve* gave *Cain* and *Abel* Birth;
In all his Travels, if he can declare
A People Franchis'd as the *Engliſh* are?
All others *Birth-Right* Bondage is; but *We*
Surfeit with *Cates*, and glut with *Liberty*.
If *Heaven* ſhould bid a *Subject* to implore
What *Bliſs* we want, he could not ask for more;
Oh the *unhappy State* of *Happineſs!*
They enjoy more that do enjoy much leſs;
Rome in it's Pomp and Pride could never ſhew
Men of that *bulk* of *Wealth* in *England* flow;

And

And every *Cottager* lives frank and free
As *Jove*, Here's a perpetual *Jubilee*:
Hear one great truth an *Engliſh Subject* Sings,
We have one *Emperour*, and a *Million Kings*.

Celeſtial Prince, deſcended from above, To the KING
With *Goodneſs*, and the Wiſdom of great *Jove*;
Hov'ring the *Doves* with thy *Seraphick Wings*,
Still Shielding *Church* and *State* from *Serpents* Stings,
Accept the *Addreſſes* of our *Humble praiſe*
'Tis all the *Incenſe Men* to *God* can praiſe.

When *Civil War* three *Kingdoms* did inthrall,
You were the *Saviour* that *Redeem'd* us all,
And rais'd *miraculouſly* from their *Graves*,
Three *Soul-ſunk Nations* that were *Slaves* to *Slaves*;
Mean Thanks do mighty favours quite diſgrace,
But dull *Ingratitude* becomes the baſe:
How Juſtly may'ſt thou let thy *Thunder* fly?
Both *Gyants* and *Pigmies* doom'd to die.
What, will they *War* with *Jove*? in vain, in vain;
Whom th' Gods have Crown'd, in ſpighr of *Worms* ſhall *Reign*;
Repent proud Duſt before it be too late,
Strike Sail; my *Muſe* ſhall be your *Advocate*.

Hear great *Apollo*, *Phœbus* lend thine ear
To an *unpoliſht Muſes* humble Prayer.
She lifts no *Phaetontick Palm* on high;
Lo, her requeſt is veil'd with modeſty;
Thou that art goodneſs *Eſſence*, Thou that keeps
Clemency waking that ſhe never ſleeps;
Look on the *Errours of Mortality*,
With the *Kind Aſpect* of your *God-like* Eye.
Though they have ſin'd (and certainly a Sin
To death, had it againſt a bad *Prince* been,)

And

And their *Tranſgreſſions* in an high degree,
Are aggravated to ſin thus againſt *Thee*;
My poor *Muſe* begs, (although *their Sins be great,*)
That Thou wouldſt not *Forget*, to *forget.*

And Thou Great *Hero* of loud Fames firſt rate
(Still partner of your *Royal Brothers* Fate)
Who baffle *Miſchief*, and her Dart deſpiſe,
And ſtand the firmer, for her *Batteries*;
VVhilſt *Envy* toyls her ſelf quite out of breath,
You undiſturb'd can ſmile the *Wretch* to death.
Malice is now in a *Conſumption* grown;
To ſee her ſelf miſtook in *You* alone;
Still the more venom that on You they throw,
Still You the Taller, and more Lovely grow;
Can walk the *Fiery Furnace*, and no *Hair*
Sing'd, no *ſmell of Fire*, no *impair*:
Fond men! To hope they can deſtroy whom *Jove*
Preſerves by *Wonders* and peculiar *Love*:
Never before *Preſumptive Heir* did ſure,
Worſe *Wrongs* from Moſt *Preſumptive Men* eudure.
Well may they *droop their Heads*, and *Necks incline*,
As *Tulips Froſt-bit* with a *Northern wind*;
To *Prudence* ſtill and *Piety* you'r *Juſt*,
And will forgive, whom none will wiſh to truſt.

You of the *Conſtellation* that maintain
Your *Starry Glories* from *Apoſtate Stain*;
You whoſe *chaſt Loyalty* for ever ſtream'd
To th' *Royal Lamp of Honour* whence You beam'd,
You ſhall for ever ſhare the *Muſes* Praiſe,
VVhilſt *Helicon* hath *Drops*, *Apollo Bays.*

Come *Brothers* of the *Minor Stars*, that are
No *wandring Planets*, but *fixt* in Your *Sphere*; You

You that have vow'd for to be ſo True
To *Charles*, that to your ſelves you be ſo too;
(And ſure I am your *Oath* will not be broke,
You'l bow to *Deſtiny*, before the *Yoke*)
VVe muſt not praiſe nor thank our ſelves, that's vain,
That were but *Champarty* (You know) in grain;
But we'l ſo *Loyal* and ſo *Faithful* live,
That *Church* and *Crown*'s Fees Us no Thanks ſhall give.

And You Brave *Citizens*, ſo Rich and wiſe, *To the Common Councel Court Aldermen*
(The Boons of *Heavens*, due to *Loyalties*)
Heaven marks them who from *Allegiance* ſtray,
(VVith *Children*, *Wits*, or *Fortunes* quite awry.)
You that hold th'*Rains*, curb the *head ſtrong Jaws*
Of *Aſſes* kickt at *Governours* and *Laws*;
You know That *Trade* doth ſtill moſt profit bring,
To them are true to *God*, and to their *King*;
Long may You live, and may the *Town* and *Court*
Be happy in the prayers of my poor heart;
May no *King* want ſuch *Citizens* I pray,
Nor *Townſ-men Prince*, like him they now enjoy.

But You that are now of th' new *Livery*, *Livery men.*
And *Old Leven*, look for no Thanks from me;
Keep to your *Gods*; On damned *Bradſhaw* call,
Implore the ſhades of *Ireton* and *Noll*;
To come improv'd from *Hell*, and be ſo good
To ſet crackt men with *Plunder* up, and Bloud;
The *Rabble* ſhall no longer Rule this *Town*,
Rebellions Charter now muſt go down, down:
But yet we'l beg the *King* that he would pleaſe
To give another on good terms as theſe.
Countreys o'regrown with *Beaſts of Rapine*, be
Ty'd to deſtroy the *common Enemy*,
And bound by *Charter* yearly to afford
So many *Fox* or *Wolf-skins* to the Lord: *Lon-*

London, once bounded in *Walls*, is now boundless
Grown from a *City* to a *Wilderness*;
More and worse vermin lurk in 't's Holes and Dens,
Than *Wolves* in *Tory-Land*, or *Frogs* in *Fens*:
If they renew their *Charter*, may they pay
A *Rebels* head for *Quit-rent* every day,
And a *Whores Liver*, till the *Town* be found
Honest, and (like the *Loyal* Countrey) sound.

Now we have done, we have not done; what's there?
See how the *Mutinous Women* appear!
Nip *Insurrections* in the bud; *Drums* beat
A parl, and let us with the *Females* treat;
VVhat would the *good wives* have? Forbear slaughter!
Then quoth the *Amazons*, we'l keep our *Charter*;
And thus pleads first a *Mouse-trap makers* VVife;
Before we'l loose our *Honour*, we'l loose *Life*;
Honour than *Food* or *Rayment's* priz'd more high;
For *It* we'l live, and for *It* we will die
Farewel *Charter*, Farewel *Gentility*.

Next comes a bouncing *Butchers Wife* i'th' Van,
VVith a *Cow-killing Pole-ax* in her Hand,
D'y' think we'l loose our *Charter?* And be stil'd *Fro*,
As *Fish-women* be in *Bore-Land*, and well so?
Master *Punch* Kills an *Ox*, and Twenty *Sheep*
Each week i'th' year, and I the *Stall* do keep;
Shall all this *Flood* (besides a *Tree-mans Wife*)
Now loose it's *Honour?* By my *Butchers* life
For our *Noble Charter* we will stand and fall,
For if we loose our *Arms*, we then loose *all*.

Then spoke a *Chandlers Wife* with *Ale-stuft-Lungs*,
As big as *Tun*, foaming at all her *Lungs*;

D'ye

D'ye think I'le ſit at *Bar* all day for th' *Fees*
I get by *Porters* Penny *Bread* and *Cheeſe*,
And ſee the *Slaves*, like *Clowns* in *Suſſex*, come,
And cry, *Dame* where is your *Husband?* at home?
Shall *double Drink* place to *Feeling* ſo give?
Shall't be Madam *Creſwell*, and not Mis *Keeling?*

Quoth Miſtreſs *Fough*, 'twould be a ſtinking life,
If I were not Maſter *Gold-Finders Wife*;
If farewel *Charter*, farewel to all
The *Nobility* of *Pin-makers-Hall*,
Stand to your *Arms* both *Life* and *Limb* ſhall go
To ſave our *Honour*, and our *Charter* too.

A *Reverend Matron*, in whoſe *Loyal Face*,
VVas every touch of *Modeſty* and *Grace*,
Hearing their *Grievances*, ventur'd the *Crowd*,
And thus ſhe ſpake, and thus their Ears they bow'd;
'Dear Siſters of the *Livery*, appeaſe
'The boiſterous bellows of your *paſſions* ceaſe;
'You know that oftentimes untimely fears
'Unform the *Men*, and them transform to *Hares*,
'And *Jealouſy's* our *Sexes* curſed *Spell*,
'Transforms us *Angels* to the *Hags of Hell.*

The laſt old *Charter* which you ſo deplore,
VVas granted to us in the days of *Tore*,
And many an odde thing was in't; 'twas done
VVhen th' Land with *Popery* was over-run,
And now by *Law* 'tis ſo repugnant found,
That th' *Law* it ſelf is in that *Charter* drown'd;
But there's another in the *Mint* for You,
According to your hearts deſire, *New*, *New*;
Not after the old *Superſtitious Faſhion*;
But *New*, according to the *Reformation*:

For

For we that were but *Mistresses* before,
Shall now be *Masters*, *Lords*, and something more;
Moreover, 'tis provided, all the *Geese*
In *London* shall have Two *Ganders* apiece;
Double man'd; And if that be not *Satis*,
You shall have your *Boys* on *Sundays Gratis*,

This said, they shout, and made the *Welkin* ring;
Cry'd, *Damn th'old-Charter*, and *God save the KING*.

FINIS.